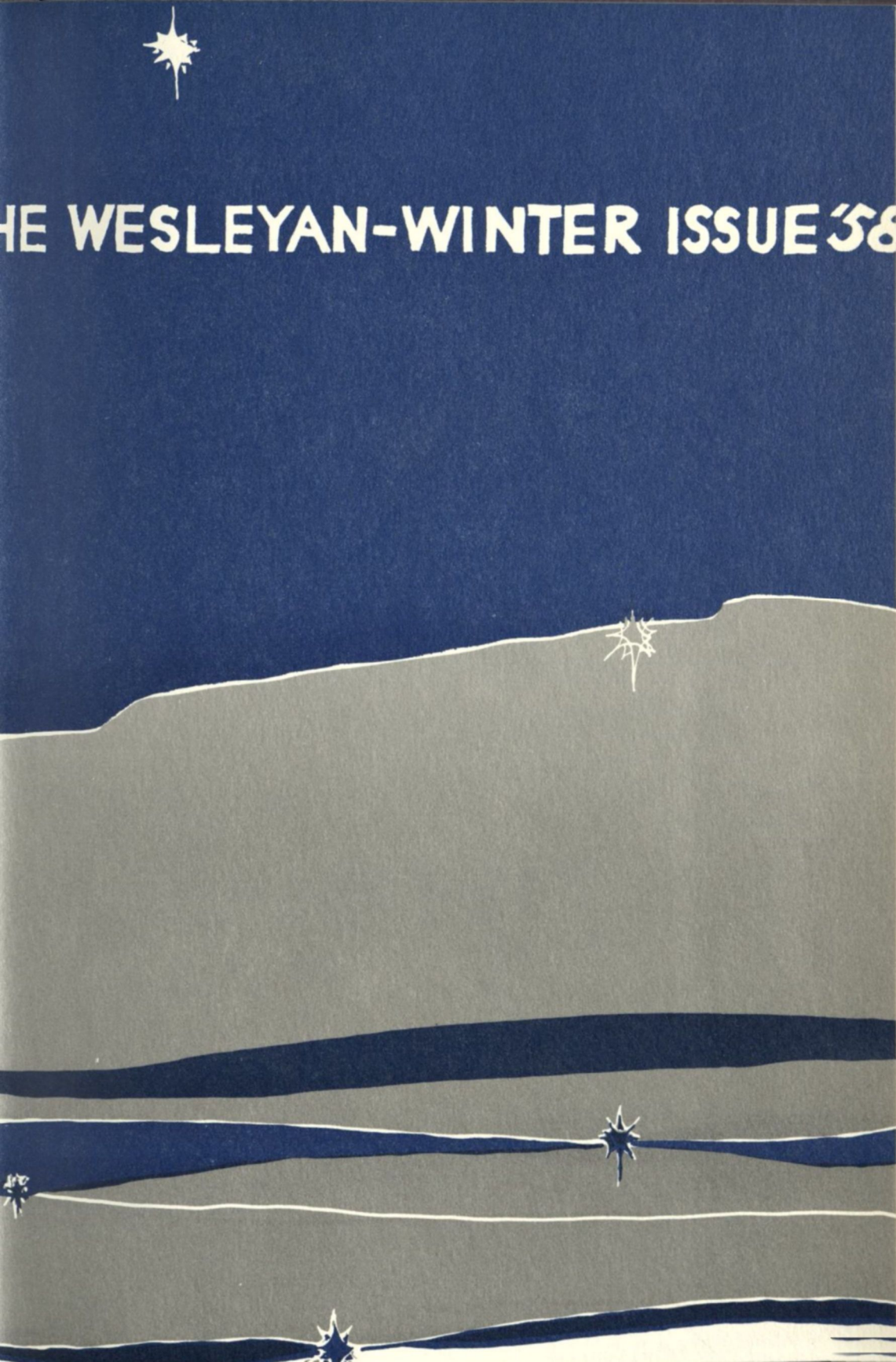


THE WESLEYAN-WINTER ISSUE '38









## *We Are We*

*Who are you?*

*What are you?*

*Where are you?*

*We are we.*

*We are what we are.*

*We are lost without hope behind doors of the past;*

*We are lost without love in the future's forests;*

*We are everywhere.*

*We are lost under stars that are too high to reach;*

*We are lost under oceans weighed down by the deep;*

*We are nowhere.*

*What do you do?*

*We cry with the winter voices of the hills, lost;  
We sigh with the summer's sibilant sighing, lost;  
We do all things.  
We nibble on the new green buds of spring, lost;  
We sift through the dying leaves of autumn, lost;  
We do nothing.*

*Where are you going?*

*We are going with the wind to the empty tundras;  
We are going with the crowd to the empty cities;  
We are going everywhere.  
We are going without purpose, unseeing and unbidden;  
We are going without hope, unwanted and uncalled;  
We are going nowhere.*

*What are you?*

*We are what we are.*

*Who are you?*

*We are we.*

*Polly Rodieck*

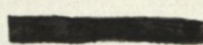
## *Lab Trek*

*Lethal snakes withdrew into the privacy of oblong-  
facade holes  
As ground-walking birds found their wings and escaped  
into the sky;  
The matted, veregated leaves that blanketed the dank  
earth  
Huddled together to bear the force of oncoming troops;  
The sluggish stream receded from its bank  
To cover its stone path from curious footsteps;  
Multi-hued trees stretched their limbs toward the  
blueness of the sky  
To protect tender arms from probing fingers;  
Rough, ready hands of the barbed wire fence  
Waited to snare the overly destructive ones;  
The woods' natives shivered with fear and whispered  
to each other  
As the annual trek of Dr. Gin's writing lab began.*

*Beth Mason*



# THE UNINHIBITED

 Polly Rodieck

Rain sifted down in sheets onto the brown pavement. Raincoated figures dotted the city sidewalk, hurrying bent-over to get out of the rain. Drivers on the tangle of traffic gripped their steering wheels and looked straight ahead. The swish of tires on the wet asphalt and the whisper of rain softened and clarified the street sounds. Mrs. Farrell, a diminutive figure in a plastic raincoat and green tam, which she was shielding with a New York Times held over her head, approached the curb of an intersection. The traffic light facing her blinked yellow and then a brilliant, wet green, like a melting candy drop. Just as Mrs. Farrell stepped off the curb, a car turned slowly in front of her, blocking her path. She had to stop while it slowly came abreast of her, and the rain poured off the newspaper and ran down her forehead.

"Unchivalrous jackass!" Mrs. Farrell muttered. The man turned and stared at her with a startled, outraged look on his moustached face. Mrs. Farrell hurried around the car and across the street.

"Hey, wait a minute, you," the man called, but Mrs. Farrell didn't look back. She walked quickly up the street until she came to a big, gray building with massive carved figures surrounding the entrance. Inside the lobby she stood for a moment, breathing rapidly and brushing drops of water from the green tam. The newspaper made a little pool on the gray marble floor, but when Mrs. Farrell opened it the inner pages were only damp. She scanned the long columns that were marked here and there with red pencil.

When she came to the ad that read:

Experienced Typist Wanted

Enquire Hollins and Ingram, Barker Bldg.

She re-folded the soggy newspaper and walked into a waiting elevator. Going up to the fourteenth floor in the dim quiet she wondered if the man in the car were still sitting there. She sighed a bit ruefully and promised herself that she would be more ladylike in the future. She would have to be agreeable now, even obsequious, if she intended to get a job.

When she opened the frosted glass door to room 1430 and walked into the warm, thick-carpeted office, Mrs. Farrell heard the sound of typing coming from behind a glass partition at the far end of the room. The typing stopped abruptly and a feminine voice called, "I'm back here, Dad."

Mrs. Farrell walked back to the partition, behind which a young girl sat typing, wearing a pair of earphones on her small, dark head. "Oh," she said, "you're not Dad."

"No, I'm not," Mrs. Farrell answered, "and I never said I was."

The girl removed the earphones, gingerly. "Ouch, paralyzed earlobes,"

she said, rubbing her ears. "Do you ever get them, from wearing earrings?"

"Can't wear them," Mrs. Farrell answered. "Skinny ears."

The girl smiled and Mrs. Farrell thought that she might be really pretty with a little more nose and a little less makeup.

"Did you come about the ad?" the girl asked.

"I did. It says 'Experienced Typist Wanted', and that's me -- with a little stretching of the imagination."

"Oh?"

"Well, I've had experience -- about a thousand years of it, as you can see -- and I can type, after a fashion. So now, my child, if you issue me my ball and chain and fingerprint me or whatever it is you do. . ."

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait a while. Dad, I mean Mr. Hollins is out at the moment, and he handles all the employment."

"Mr. Hollins is your father?" Mrs. Farrell asked.

"Yes, I'm Sally Hollins, his daughter."

"That Figures. And I'm Mrs. Farrell, Mr. Farrell's ex-wife. I live, at present, with my aged mother in our ancestral home, in a style that might justly be called astute poverty." Mrs. Farrell opened her large, worn leather purse and produced a frayed tissue, into which she placed her thin, upturned nose and blew delicately.

"I suppose you might say that we have been reduced practically to malnutrition. So, when I noticed that Mother was regarding me with a rather cannibalistic gleam in her eye, I decided the time had come to humiliate myself and get a job. Loathesome word." So, here I am," Mrs. Farrell continued in her resonant, breathless voice, smiling brightly and showing her even polished teeth. "You may proceed with the humiliation."

"There's nothing I can do until Dad gets here," the girl said, glancing at the clock on her desk. "Won't you sit down and wait for him?"

"I suppose so," Mrs. Farrell said, hesitantly, "but, I am a busy woman, you know." She removed the green tam and touched a scarlet-nailed hand to her freshly-dyed red hair. "All sorts of adventures to have before the day is over."

Mrs. Farrell perched unceremoniously on a nearby chair, both thin legs planted comically on the floor, the black purse and the wet Times on her lap. She lifted the flap of the purse and brought out a cigarette. She offered one to the girl, who said, "No, thank you."

"You're terribly inhibited, aren't you, child?" Mrs. Farrell asked after a moment, exhaling copious smoke from her thin, red mouth. The girl looked puzzled.

"When I was your age, my dear, I was writing novels," Mrs. Farrell said, grandly, staring into the drifting smoke. "Wrote my first about a girl named Kitty. Biggest fool that ever lived. The fainting type, you know. Had all sorts of 'passionate' attachments, but would have collapsed if any man ever



looked at her below the eyebrows. That novel never got beyond the first chapter -- possible because the author was so dreadfully sick of the heroine. And they're too many people in this world just like Kitty, I'm afraid." Mrs. Farrell shifted her bright little black almond eyes toward the girl. "Pitifully inhibited, routine-haunted creatures," she sputtered. "Ugh!" Mrs. Farrell shuddered and the soft, powdered flesh of her face changed its wrinkles. The little penciled eyebrows were drawn downward in a frown.

Then she inhaled deeply from the cigarette and her black eyes glittered. "My dear, has it ever occurred to you that you are young, that you have a mind and a heart at your disposal to use as much as you like, and that you have a unique face of your very own underneath. . .

Sally was gazing at her with a stricken expression.

"In short, you, Sally Hollins are alive, and I am challenging you to act like it. You won't always be, you know. Someday even your earphones won't get through to you." Mrs. Farrell puckered up to the incredibly short end of the cigarette and took a last puff just as the door to the outer office opened. Sally peered around the partition. "Here's Mr. Hollins," she said.

Mrs. Farrell stood up and looked into the other office. A man was hanging up his coat and hat. Mrs. Farrell's eyes widened when she recognized the serious face and the little moustache of the man in the car.

"Well, Sally," she said quickly, "it's been fascinating. I've just decided that I don't need a job after all. Too much routine and all that. I couldn't stand to be tied down. Have to be free, you know, if you're going to have adventures."

"But, you didn't finish. What about my inhibitions?"

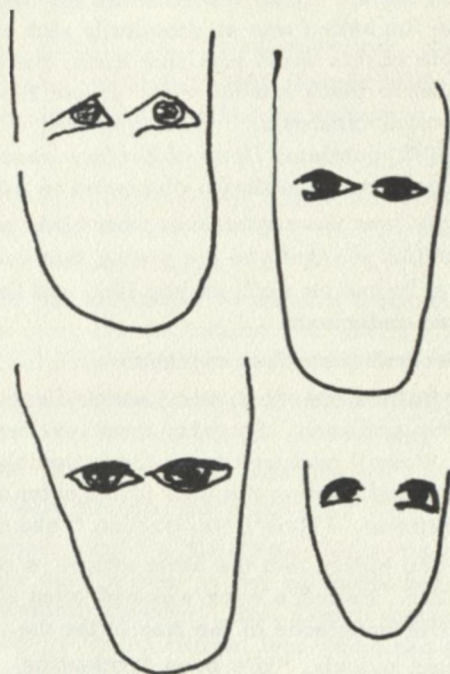
"Get rid of them dear," Mrs. Farrell called over her shoulder as she hurried into the outer office.

Mr. Hollins turned to look at her as she passed. For a moment they faced each other. "You!" Mr. Hollins breathed.

"Anybody who objects to being called a jackass should try very hard not to be one," Mrs. Farrell said airily. Then she ran. She was in the elevator before Mr. Hollins recovered.

Going down in the elevator, Mrs. Farrell took stock of her dwindling resources. She had just enough for a coffee ring for supper, a bus ride home, and a new Times tomorrow morning. "Tomorrow I shall be as proper as Sally Hollins, and I shall get a proper job," she thought "if it properly kills me." She placed the green tam at a jaunty angle on her head and stepped off the elevator.

Fourteen floors up, Sally Hollins looked down on the wet street from her office window. In a moment, she saw among the stream of tiny heads a green tam that bobbed quickly up the street and disappeared. Then with an uninhibited sigh she went back to her typewriter.



## The Seeker

The air was chill as  
     night pushed the sun behind the tree tops.  
 God had set the sky on fire  
     but quickly the embers were fading,  
     and darkness came.  
 A man stood alone, watching,  
     his sad eyes clinging to the beauty  
 As if desiring its possession,  
     ... and then the darkness. . .

" Cry out to the sea, call. . .  
     Where is your answer?  
     In the pounding of the waves. . .  
     In the biting wind. . .  
     In the water fowl's song. . .  
 Run, seeker, run to the four corners  
     of the earth and shout at the forest.  
 Dare us to understand you.  
 Tear yourself from life's grasp  
     and fall headlong into the emptiness  
     that is your soul. . .



...and darkness still. . .  
 You wear the mask of comedy, seeker.  
 Though you smile and jest  
     your eyes are sad.  
 Is it misery or loneliness you strive so well to conceal?  
 Think, seeker, for what is your unrelenting search?"

The procession of days continues  
     and the chaos that is life engulfs him.  
 He sees,  
     but he does not know.  
 He feels,  
     but he does not understand.  
 He loves and is loved,  
     yet this force fills not the void.  
 Sad eyes turn to heaven; darkness?

" Believe, seeker, for truth comes not  
     from unopened books or upturned rocks.  
 The darkness will be shattered by a faith,  
     the faith for which you search.  
Live your questions, seeker,  
     and the answer shall be reward."

The air was chill as  
     the sun stretched onto the horizon.  
 God had revealed His glory in the  
     illumination of the world and the seeker stood watching  
 With eyes toward heaven, rejoicing.  
     ... and darkness was no more. . .

Carol Clay

## *Repetition*

So many words, void and tired  
 Despense a thought so old,  
 Then slowly fade to death.  
 They will again be told.

So worry not if you grasp not these  
 Which someone else will say with ease.

R. Wilcox

# BE YE FAITHFUL

By ANNA KAY

Our Lady had seen better days. The grass around her feet had once been green and spongy; flowers had bloomed in the little courtyard in front of the church. The street before her had been wide and gracious, filled with horses and carriages and shaded by tall elms; and she had watched the neighborhood aristocracy as they passed in front of her on the street, and as they swept past into the church of Our Lady of Sorrows.

Now, although the grass was straggly, the few flowers which still bloomed made the small courtyard one spot of beauty in a world of narrow alleys and heaping ash-cans. The street had narrowed, seemingly; the trees were gone; and automobiles made constant noise and turmoil. The ladies and gentlemen had left; and their lovely old houses leaned drunkenly against each other, passively regarding the hordes swept there and deposited in the whirling eddy of city life.

Only Our Lady had not changed. Her blue robe but slightly faded with the passing of time, her eyes as gentle and compassionate as ever, she still stretched forth her hands in compassionate benediction upon all who passed her way.

There was one other person who had not changed. That was Father Josef. High mass had changed, the neighborhood had changed, fortune had come and gone, but the people were still his people and God's children; and Father Josef acted accordingly. They found in the Church a beauty and richness which freed them momentarily from the dull apathy of life, and kept a spark of imagination alive in them.

"If only I could reach them all," Father Josef thought sometimes in the pauses of his busy day. But there were too many; the neighborhood contained ten times as many people as it had in the old days. More poured in each day from other sections of the city where overcrowded and substandard housing was being torn down and new housing projects built. By no possible plan could the occupants of one tenement house be put into a project unit; and the burden of other slum areas thus increased.

## (2)

The Wildcats were law unto themselves. They spent most of their time during the day in their hangout in the cellar of one of the tenements. At night they hung around in groups under the lampposts, smoking, turning over ash-cans in the unlit alleys, and breaking a window now and then for lack of anything better to do. They were not actually committed to delinquency, but they were drifting downward with the rest of the area. Mothers kept their daughters in after five in the afternoon, which was when the Wildcats came out of hiding.



## (3)

The Neighborhood Improvement Council met in the Brown's living room behind locked doors and drawn window shades, twenty or so tense, hard-faced men, the few property owners still left, who were trying desperately to keep the neighborhood stable and the value of their property from decreasing. Jeff Brown took over.

"You all know what happened today," he began. "A Negro family moved in down on Washington. You know what happens when one Negro family crosses the line -- you've all seen Negro slums. Dirt, filth, property goes down, everybody loses money, houses get even more overcrowded. We don't want that to happen here, so we've got to get rid of those people."

"But Jeff," George Carter objected -- George was the newest and youngest member of the Council -- "the Kellys aren't renting -- they've bought one of the few whole houses left around here. And they've spent money on painting and fixing it up. The value of their property has gone up -- how could it make ours go down?"

"Have you ever been down Madison about six blocks?" asked Jeff angrily. "You know what it's like there -- do we want that here?"

"Those Negroes don't own their homes," George persisted stubbornly. "They're renting -- at skyline prices -- from white landlords who bought the property cheap from the white residents who panicked and left when the first few Negro families started buying there. You can't blame Negroes for wanting to get out of those ghettos if they've got the money. Where can they go except places like this? Why shouldn't we be glad of another property owner, and forget what he looks like?"

"George," said Jeff, "you're young and inexperienced, but you'll learn. What you're saying is plain nonsense, and you'll see it in time."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"No, and I'm not going to. Now how many of you men are with me. We'll take the usual steps and get them out tonight?"

They all nodded.

"George?"

"I'm leaving."

"You'll see later that we are right."

## (4)

The Wildcats were not in their den that afternoon. Roaming the alleys and scavenging the littered back yards of the tenements, they collected bricks, pieces of wood, old newspapers, rags, anything they could find.

At four-thirty they met in their cellar. "We got plenty," said Salvadore, their acknowledged leader. "Now get home, and everybody be back here at nine sharp. We're going to get those nigs out of this place for good. Be ye faithful unto death," he ended.

"Be ye faithful unto death," they chanted back. The words were carved



over the doorway of Our Lady of Sorrows, and the boys thought they made a fine motto for their gang.

(5)

George Carter went past the Kelly house on his way home from the meeting, and he met Daniel Kelly on his way in. "Evening, sir," George said on impulse. "Could I talk to you for a minute?"

"Come in," said Daniel Kelly.

They sat in the Kelly's livingroom, and Mrs. Kelly joined them. They waited for George to begin.

"I resigned from the Improvement Council this afternoon," he began, "because I don't agree with them about what they're planning to do about you people. I tried to convince them to act differently, but they won't. It isn't right, and I'm sorry, but I don't know anything for you to do but get out. They're coming tonight."

Mr. Kelly shook his head. "Thank you," he said. "You come in friendship, and we appreciate it. But this is our home. We have nowhere else to go. All that we own is here, and we'll stay."

"But you know what will happen," George protested. "They may kill you -- all of you. They'll throw rocks in the windows and probably set fire to the place. If they get mad enough they'll tear you limb from limb -- if you're lucky enough not to be hit with a brick or burned alive first."

"This is our home," Mr. Kelly repeated. "We'll stay in it."

Mrs. Kelly nodded in agreement.

George, baffled, left.

(6)

Lucia Kelly had found a friend. Cookie Oblanis lived on the top floor of the tenement across the alley. After peering at each other across respective back fences, the two little girls had found out that they were the same age -- eight -- and destined to become friends. After playing quietly in Lucia's backyard, Cookie decided to take her friend on a tour of the neighborhood.

"We don't have much time," she said, with a glance at the waning sun. "We have to be in by five, you know."

"Do we? Why?" asked Lucia.

"Why, that's when the Wildcats come out," replied Cookie, "and --"

"Wildcats -- OOOOOH!" shrieked Lucia, with visions of the zoo.

"Oh, they're just boys, silly," said Cookie, "but sometimes they throw rocks and things. "Come on, I'll show you the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, and the statue of Our Lady."

(7)

Old Man Zboinski sat on his porch and rocked in the late afternoon sun. He no longer worked, and he lived with his daughter, who had six children.



She liked to have him out of the house as much as possible. On the porch, he could keep an eye on the children and be out of her way at the same time. He knew everybody on the block, and at any given moment of almost any given day could have told where any given person was.

He noted Cookie and Lucia's friendship with approval. "It's almost five, Cookie," he called out as they passed; "don't go far."

"That's Mr. Zboinski," Cookie explained. "He's nice. He'll tell stories about Poland when he feels in a happy mood."

The two children stopped at Our Lady of Sorrows just as Father Josef was leaving.

"God be with you, my children," he said to them.

"And with you, Father," responded Cookie. She had a deep feeling of reverence for the old priest; she thought that on Sunday when he donned his white robes he suddenly and mysteriously turned into God.

The little girls entered the courtyard, walking reverently hand in hand over the stubby grass. "Oh," said Lucia, seeing the few straggling flowers, "it's beautiful." They gazed long into the face of Our Lady. "I like it better than anything here," Lucia said. "Except you," she added, and squeezed her friend's hand loyally.

"Goodness!" said Cookie, "It must be late. Look -- the sun's almost gone, and there aren't any people left."

They turned and started to leave the courtyard.

(8)

Salvadore was on his way home from the hide-out. He walked along, whistling jauntily, thinking with pleasure of the evening ahead. A cigarette dangled carelessly from the corner of his mouth. When he saw the children together, a hot flame rose within him.

"Look here, you, white girl," he said roughly, to Cookie, "don't ya know ya not supposta play witha nig? Well, don't ya?" he added menacingly as Cookie did not answer.

The children clung to each other and cowered, speechless, at the foot of the statue.

"You go home," he said roughly to Cookie. "I don't want you. I'll take care of her."

Cookie held fast to Lucia, but he flung them apart viciously. "Get," he shouted to Cookie, but she was too paralyzed with terror to move. "I'm taking you to the torture chamber," he said to Lucia, "to the Lions' Den. I'll teach you to come where you don't belong."

He jerked her roughly to her feet and started pulling her toward the street, while she screamed at every step. He felt the smoothness of her skin and the child's bones of her hand. Her pulse was beating in her wrist like a frightened sparrow against a window. Suddenly something happened to Salvadore.

A wave of something related to tender protectiveness serged over him; and because tender protectiveness was utterly alien to him, he reacted characteristically.

He flung her away from him with all the force he possessed. "Go home, damn you," he screamed. "Run, nigger -- scat, both of you. Get home and stay there!"

The children clutched each other and ran, sobbing.

(9)

George hated beans. He stared moodily at his plate and refused to eat. His coffee tasted bitter, and he had no appetite for dessert. The evening paper seemed pallid and tasteless, and even his nightly cigar failed to cheer him up.

About eight, he got up and flung himself out of the house. He couldn't tell his wife where he was going -- he wasn't sure himself.

(10)

Father Josef had heard that there was a new Catholic family in the neighborhood. He knew nothing of the plans that were afoot, but when he had completed his parish calls, he decided to stop in and see them. He had had coffee at the last house, and his supper of bread and milk could be, and usually was, postponed indefinitely.

(11)

Mr. Zboinsky sat on the porch in the cool darkness, and rocked. Although he had not witnessed the backyard preparations of the Wildcats, he sensed what was going on. He had grown so accustomed to the tempo of the neighborhood that he could detect the slightest off-beat.

Glancing in the livingroom window to make sure that his daughter was not watching, he picked up his cane and hobbled down the steps.

(12)

Cookie's parents made her go to bed early as a punishment for coming home after five. She too sensed unrest in the neighborhood, although she could not pin it down to anything tangible. She tossed and turned and couldn't go to sleep. Finally she got up, feeling that she had to share her misery with someone. Her parents were in the livingroom, and she paused outside the door.

"About nine, I should think," she heard her father say in a lowered voice.

"Oh, it's terrible -- terrible!" her mother answered. "Why must those poor people be hurt?"

"It's too bad," her father replied, "but they should have known better than to move here in the first place. They must have known that people wouldn't stand for it."

"I'm just so thankful we're not involved," said her mother.



In a flash, Cookie realized that Lucia was in grave danger. If only it wasn't too late! Cookie turned and sped noiselessly through the deserted kitchen and down the rickety back steps. The alley confronted her -- a common enough place in daylight, but filled with millions of unknown terrors at night. But she had to get Lucia out of that place and back across the alley to safety. Cookie took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and dashed across.

(13)

The Kellys sat with their friends in the livingroom, while the minute hand of the clock on the mantel moved relentlessly on toward nine. The atmosphere was curiously devoid of dread. Each one of them had made a decision -- and awaited the inevitable calmly.

(14)

Lucia had been put to bed shortly after George and Mr. Zboinski and Father Josef arrived. She was frightened at something in the air that she could not name, and she felt rejected by the adults in the living room. "They don't want me," she thought. "Something terrible is going to happen, and they don't care about me any more."

She felt more frightened and alone than she had ever felt in her life. Maybe Cookie's parents would let her spend the night with Cookie. She climbed stealthily out of bed and padded to the back door. Struggling with the lock, she opened the door just as Cookie stumbled in, her teeth chattering with fright.

Peering out through the kitchen window, they saw a group of men entering the yard from the alley. They were trapped.

(15)

Never had the Wildcats known their leader to be so relentless and sure of purpose. He drove them all before him, and infected each of them with his cold, bright hatred.

The bricks were piled in the alley outside the Kelly's yard, and the rags and sticks and papers had been stuffed under the back porch and soaked with gasoline siphoned earlier from cars.

Jeff Brown threw the first brick, and Salvadore thrust a lighted torch into the gasoline-soaked papers. Every window in the house was shattered in a few minutes, and the dry wood of the porch flamed up like cardboard.

A crowd gathered. Women and children screamed; men shouted and threw whatever they could lay their hands on. Sirens sounded; a fire-engine clanged. Firemen pushed their way through the alley with a hose, and policemen forced themselves through the crowd in front.

(16)

No arrests were made: the leaders had melted into the crowd, and the crowd had apparently arrived simultaneously with the police and had seen only the results of the incident.

People who had been insane with hatred a few minutes before fell back quietly as the lifeless bodies of two children and an old man were carried out. Mrs. Oblanis began screaming hysterically at the sight of her daughter: Mr. and Mrs. Kelly walked, beaten and silent, behind the man who carried Lucia.

Mr. Zboinski's tales of Poland were all told -- his chair had rocked its last creaking mile across the uneven porch floor. His daughter picked up his walking stick and clung to it.

George Carter was hospitalized with a slight concussion.

(17)

Salvadore stood on the sidewalk and watched. "You killed them. You killed them," a voice within him kept repeating. "Shut up," he told it savagely. "You killed them. You killed them. Be ye faithful unto death. You killed them. You killed them. . . ."

(18)

Father Josef turned into the courtyard of Our Lady of Sorrows. "Have mercy upon all thy children," he said as he passed the statue.

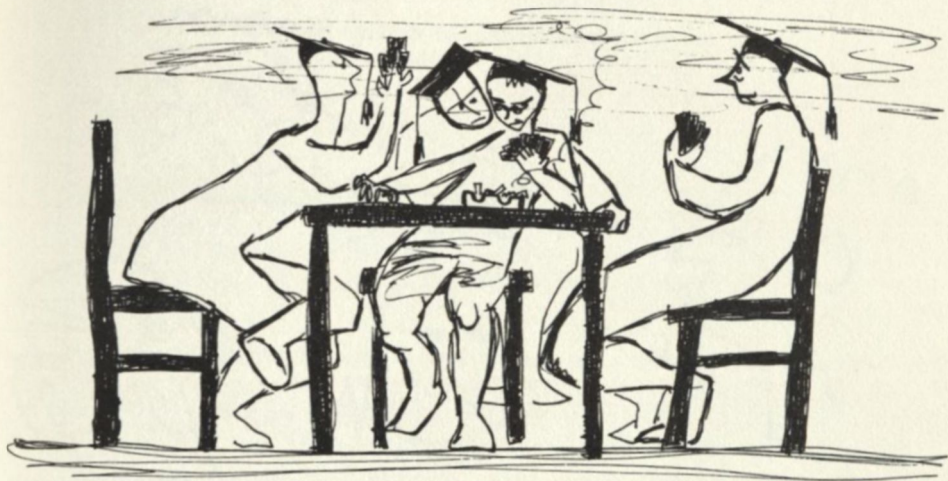
Our Lady, in sorrowful compassion, stretched forth her hands in benediction.

## Prayer

*Our Father, be with us now -- Today  
Our Father, be with us, be with us we pray  
Our Father, we pray -- we pray that you just Be.  
Or is the cathedral hollow, void;  
and only mythological our love  
That we drink from Thee?*

*Our Father -- Guide and Teach  
Draw us to the Truth  
(Or is it only a funny arrangement of sound?  
Is the "etymological fallacy"  
fostered by a deeper, more  
Fallacious fallacy?)  
That Truth is not?*





## Should-Be Scholars

*The voices of should-be scholars  
Engulf me.  
Their words are not of Piers Plowman,  
Or binary forms.*

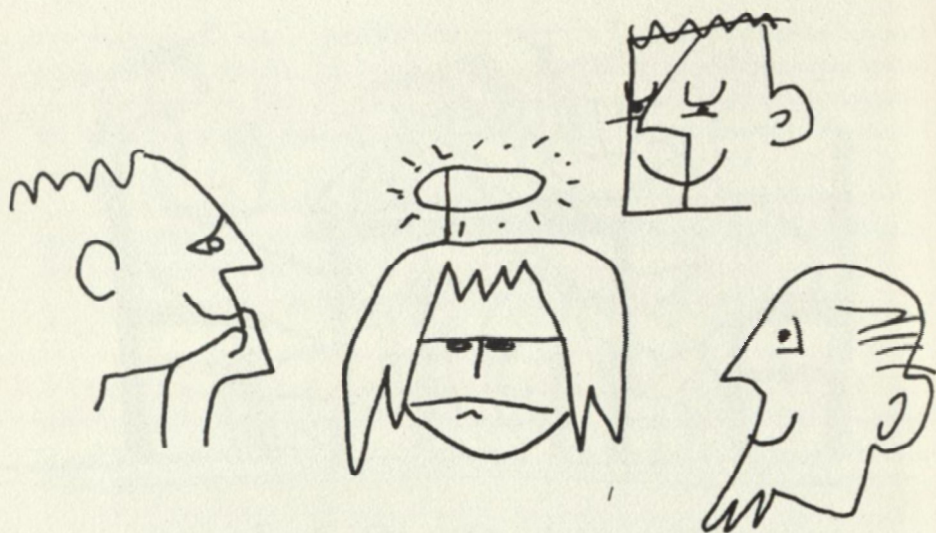
*The objects which engross these brilliant minds,  
Which occupy their precious time,  
Consume their leisure,  
Are not sociological concepts,  
Or thoughts of universal scope.  
These four masses of brain matter  
Are devoted to  
Speckled pieces of paper,  
Four chairs,  
An ashtray,  
And table.*

*They owe the world no debt, these four,  
Though they have the wit to ease life's pain,  
Though their minds might relieve the distressed.*

*They are sloppily breezing through  
These years of growth,  
Neglecting life at every turn.*

*All for a game of bridge.*

Sheila Leto



## *So Nice To Be Admired*

*I have been told so many things,  
Both simple and complex,  
By that renowned and mighty race  
Known as the opposite sex.*

*Daddy said I was his sweetheart;  
He thought I was the best.  
And though I was but two years old,  
I was most impressed.*

*My grand-dads were so sweet to me  
And would to all foretell  
That, in the course of a few years,  
I should be quite a belle.*

*In grammar school, I had much fun,  
Each year with a new beau  
Who wrote me notes and told me things  
So very nice to know.*

*But high school days soon rolled around  
And there I learned the truth  
About the fickleness of men,  
Both older ones and youth.*



*I met some mighty charming boys  
And dated quite a bit,  
But though I tried my very best  
Not one could I outwit.*

*Some paid me many compliments,  
Which left me not displeased  
Until I see, as I look back,  
That when they talked, they teased.*

*They said I was intelligent  
And praised me for my mind,  
But all the time they must have thought  
"How can she be so blind?"*

*They told me I was "Oh so cute!"  
"A livin' doll!" was I.  
I wonder where men learn their art  
Cause they can surely lie!*

*Some even said they loved me.  
Said it without a twitch!  
But each time I believed the guy,  
I found there was a hitch!*

*And then I went away to school  
Where I met many kinds,  
But there I found them just the same –  
With more mature designs.*

*I soon became discouraged  
About this love and stuff,  
And had just about decided  
That I had had enough.*

*Then along came a fine young man  
Who swept me off my feet.  
And I just knew he was the one  
To make my life complete.*

*But disappointment came at last  
To this great love affair  
When one fine day he turned to me  
And false love did he declare.*

He didn't mean to hurt me so,  
 Because he really cared.  
 But love just wasn't meant for him —  
 He wouldn't be ensnared.

"There's one thing I must tell you,"  
 Said he, that day in Fall,  
 "Of all the other girls I've known,  
 I admire you most of all."

And then he left me all alone.  
 A wretched sight was I  
 With only admiration left  
 To comfort tears and sighs.

If love's beyond all hope for me,  
 What more could be desired  
 Than knowing, if I can't be loved,  
 At least I am admired.

The days roll on, the months, the years.  
 I fear 'twill be my fate  
 To live my life in spinsterhood —  
 Never to find a mate.

But I'll not be unhappy  
 When my days have all expired,  
 For though love never came my way,  
 I'll know I've been admired.

Evelyn Davidson

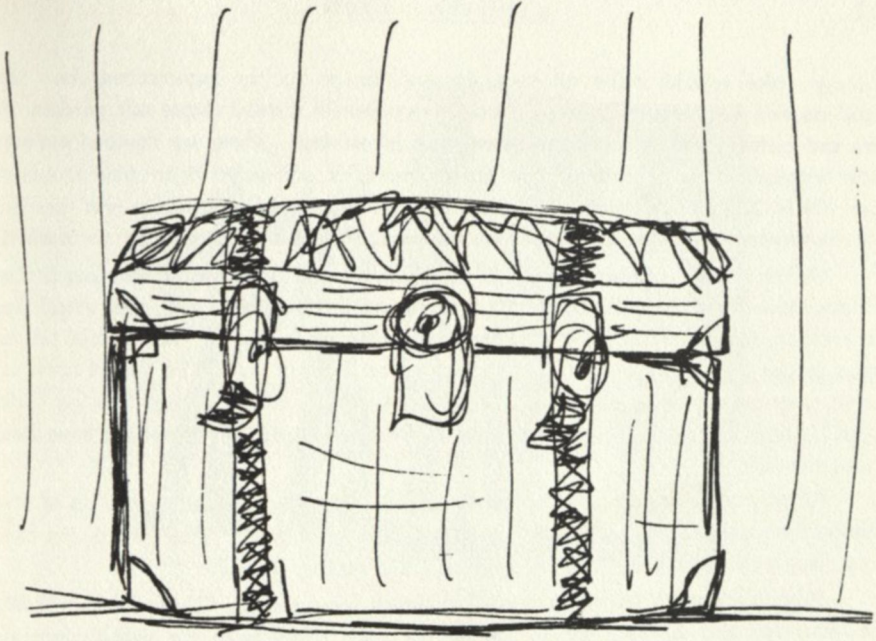
## Empty Trees

Empty trees, outlined like lace  
 Against the winter sky,  
 Watch the cold moon's nightly race  
 With stars and clouds on high.

Empty hearts, forever stilled  
 By one fell blow of fate,  
 Seeing the nightly race, are chilled  
 By love that changed to hate.

Betty Keels





# PHENNIE

By HARRIET LASLIE

"Tell Miss Annie if the Lord's willing and nothing happens, I'll be back in the morning, Miss Mary." With these words ringing in my ears, I watched Phennie amble down the dry and dusty South Georgia dirt road. Phennie Smith, a small, four-foot-ten-inch Negro woman, spent her entire life working for my family.

Jovial Phennie who wore earrings through her pierced ears and a decrepit man's black hat on her short, black pigtailed was always seen in a white starched apron over a worn-out faded hand-me-down dress. On the right hand side of her apron appeared a big pocket stuffed with a handkerchief in which small change was tied, numerous keys on a rusty chain, and a shiny metal snuff box. To keep from losing them, she pinned the pocket closed with a large safety pin. Around her neck, she wore a dirty piece of coarse string on which was tied a small bag of asafetida. Under no circumstances would she remove it, because it was her protection against contagious diseases. Whenever Mother would ask her to do something, she would always reply, "I'll do it if the Lord's willing and nothing happens." Nothing ever happened; so she seemed to spend a large amount of time with us children.

To while away this time, she would tell us of her belief in the supernatural, which made a deep impression on our immature minds. When Mother and Daddy would go off at night, instead of letting us go to bed when we got

sleepy, she would make us stay up and listen to her superstitions. She told us not to run backwards, because we would surely curse our parents. If we cut butter with a fork, the cows would go dry. When we combed our hair, she warned us that if the birds got some of it and used it in making a nest, we would have a severe headache. She always said a snake never died until sundown; so when a snake was killed, she did not want us to touch it.

In her house, where we would often visit, she had an old weather-beaten "magazine-like" dream book. If we dreamed about snakes, she would find a section in her book which showed death was certain. She would tell us that to dream of madness meant unexpected honors would be thrust upon us. What was meant by dreaming of the months could also be found in her book. April meant a sign of sickness; and November signified we would have troubles through life.

Ghosts were always on Phennie's mind. She continuously told us of seeing her mother and father in the road in front of her house. "When I die, I'm coming back to haunt you," she would tell my sister, Jane.

Phennie loved Christmas and Christmas decorations. Therefore, in thankfulness for her loyalty to us children, each Christmas we would decorate a small cedar tree for her and hang a wreath on her door. Besides decorating her house, we would give to her and her husband, Eugene, a present. Phennie would always open her gift and thank us for it, but instead of using it, she would place it in a trunk along with other gifts she had received. "I'm going to save it and use it when I need it," she would say.

After working for my family her entire life, the Lord was not willing for her to work any more. She died August of 1957, leaving behind all the gifts she was saving for the time she needed them.

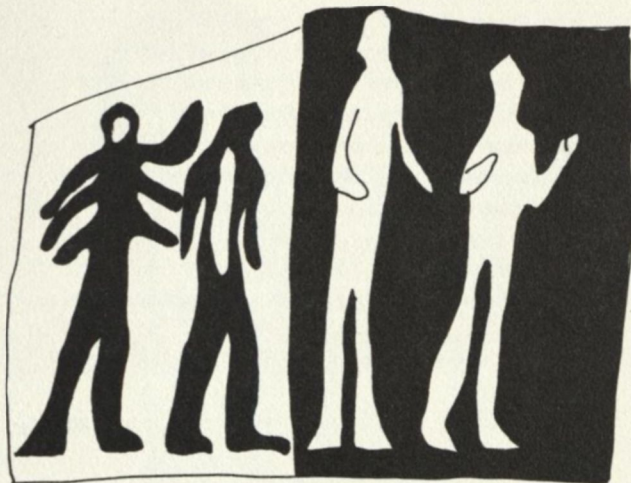
## 20th Century Love

*"Here's all of me for you  
so let me have you for now."*

*Hot breath fed cold flames —  
"i love you"      dead ashes  
                 stirred with a cold stick.  
promises      burned away  
                 like dried wood.  
"always"      never.*

*The dawn comes—  
They kiss with metal lips—  
                 and depart.*





## Smoke Sense

*Filtered or non-filtered, I like a cigarette best  
When I smoke slowly and my time invest  
In grey-blue thoughts of day  
And night, and people ——— what they do and say.  
People that through each life run  
With jerky steps, leaving undone  
The deeds of slow satisfaction.  
Meeting each with opposing faction,  
And do each thing with nervous excellency.*

*People who with deliberate constancy  
Savor each movement and word,  
Leaving no sound unheard  
Or smile unloved, or tear unshed,  
But to each delicious point are led  
And stop to Be and then depart  
To new or old, or end or start.*

*People who with a smile can make  
The sun ashamed, and never break  
Grief's chain for maudlin Show  
But take the joy and let the sorrow go  
To friends in black crepe adorned.  
People who never for a loss have mourned  
But each new birth greet and praise,  
Weeping never at joy's delays.*

*I like to smoke and homeward drift  
 As smoke-rings towards the ceiling lift.  
 Home whose softness made the rest more hard  
 And lulled to sleep the rugged guard  
 Who trains a novice every day  
 And sometimes two, depending on the way.  
 Home, that by this brief interlude  
 Is robbed of power to delude;  
 And by these scientific precepts  
 Are defeated its complacent concepts.  
 By smoky thoughts inferred  
 I find the worst preferred.*

R. Wilcox

## Childish Toys

*A piece of string, a slimy toad,  
 Some leaves and sticks -- a pocket's load,  
 A tiny gun, a rubber toy--  
 The playmates of a little boy.*

*A ribbon blue, a favorite doll,  
 Mama's purse and parasol,  
 A string of beads, some mud-pie mix--  
 Companions of a pig-tailed six.*

*Then suddenly the playthings change.  
 They constitute a smaller range --  
 A briefcase, pen, electric fan --  
 The assets of a business man.*

*The same is true for his dear wife.  
 A mop and broom engage her life.  
 Along with homes and diamond rings  
 Go diapers and baby things.*

*Besides assets of these adults,  
 Responsibility results.  
 But their decisions, tears, and joys  
 They'd never trade for childish toys.*

Katherine Rogers





## A DAY; A TOUCH

By ANN BELL

The sun was beginning to sink behind the tall hills as she turned the dusty black car into the rocky drive that led to the ranch. Elk Springs Ranch. It didn't look particularly like a ranch, but you could see the cabins and they looked clean. She stopped the car at a set of stone steps that led up to the stoop of the house, pulled up the brakes, and waited. The backs of her eyeballs stung from the late afternoon glare and the effects of the bothersome scratch on her sun glasses. She took the glasses off and flung them on the seat. They slid across and stopped against her mother. "If you don't take better care of them, Lib, you'll not be able to see out of them soon."

"I can't anyway." She rubbed her eyes and looked around her. Her father had gotten out of the car and was waiting for the appearance of the owner. He didn't wait long.

The Collie came first, a beautiful dog, her hair all white and golden tan in the late sunlight. She walked with a slow, friendly dignity, her long tail waving welcome.

The girl's eyes went immediately to the dog. She hardly glanced at the long-legged man that followed the dog. While her father and the man talked about the cabin, price and all, she was patting the dog who stood

just under the window. The two men went to look over the little log house next to the ranch house. She moved the car up the steep drive, stopped again, and looked around, at the ranch house, the sheds behind, the store across the highway, and the hills all around. The two men came back and began talking while her father wrote the check.

She didn't bother to look at their host; nor did she particularly notice him when he came to her side of the car. He leaned his arm against the car, casually. Slowly she became aware of a ticklish feeling that had begun at the very end of her spine and slowly risen toward her neck; she was aware of his eyes. Automatically hers moved upward to meet his. The ticklish feeling fell back down her spine; quickly her eyes moved away.

Vaguely she listened to the conversation about the virtues of the surrounding fishing streams and the location of the woodpile. But when she opened the car door, slid out and stretched, she again felt the eyes upon her, her white blouse and the long black pants. It wasn't anything new to feel a man's eyes, but somehow this man was different. She felt that somewhere down inside. Different.

The collie was friendly and she soon had buried her hands in the long silvery hair. She listened as the man spoke in his slow Western voice, telling about the dog, streams and the horses. It was good, standing there under the hills, in the sunlight, with her hands deep in the silken coat of the dog, the deep warmth of the man's voice surrounding her. Her eyes went back to him and carefully noted the wide hat, the blue shirt, the snug levis and the boots. His face was neither young nor old. She wondered really how old he was; the face didn't tell you anything. Only the eyes.

It didn't take long to unload the things in the car. They got the bags and the boxes of food and plates; they were glad of the stove, for the hot-plate had just burned out that morning. There was an icebox, a sink and a table; two double beds filled the rest of the room. Simple, clean and good enough in this out-of-the-way place.

She glanced in at the shower. Only one knob. Cold! No bath that night; She might be hardy, but not that hardy. They unpacked and sorted the groceries. Her father called her to drive him a way up a recommended stream. There ensued a debate between parents on which should come first, fishing or supper, but despite her mother's objections that he would never be back to eat, off they drove. The dirt road was rutted and the hills steep, but the girl was well acquainted with the conditions of fishing roads. She turned in a level place and her father got out. It was with misgivings that she watched him head for the creek; there were snakes and the approaching night. And they were so far from home. But he was happy out like that. She drove the dusty car back to the little cabin.

Her mother had begun the supper, but they had no milk. In all the tiredness after the miles of detour and hot sun, they had forgotten completely to look for a store. The store across the highway advertised beer and pop, and the occasional blaring of a jukebox gave hint that groceries were probably



not sold. The customers had gone and their dust settled slowly in the fading light as she walked across the highway. The screen door screeched as she opened it and went in.

He sat with his head down, at the bar. The room was clean; only a few advertisements of brands of beer and cigarettes brightened the light wood walls. A wooden keg sat at one end of the bar and the cash register was at the other.

He slowly looked up at her, and hurriedly she asked about the milk. They had plenty, he said; He would be glad to get her some from the house. Quickly they walked out of the store and into the air. Across the highway, up the steps and to the door they walked. He opened the door for her and she stepped into the room. She followed him through the room to the kitchen. Standing in the kitchen doorway she remembered his eyes, and turned back to the room. There was a fireplace, big and rugged, and she could almost see the fire blazing up on the winter nights. There was a deer head on one wall and a large picture of a beautiful lake. She noticed a long cobweb above the picture and a fine film of dust on a picture of a woman and a child. Who were they? She heard him come to the kitchen doorway and asked about the picture of the lake. Jackson Lake in the Grand Tetons. He handed her the quart jar of milk and she asked about the price. He shook his head, and smiled. She felt embarrassed and quickly put the money away.

As they went out into the yard and down the steps the sun was at last sinking behind the hills. For a long, long time they stood talking, he in the drive and she on the very last step with the cold milk in her arms. It was so quiet and good. He told her about the time he had been in Georgia, about the snow in the winters, the hunters he guided back into the hills in the fall, about the colt born the day before. They stood in the evening, talking. His eyes were kind and lonely, and from them, from his voice, there came a yearning she had never felt so strongly in anyone else. Suddenly, standing there with the cold milk in her arms, with the light of the sunset around her, she knew that here was a man she could love. She looked for a long time at the lithe, tall man, at the lonely gray eyes. Remembering the milk, she thanked him and walked away to the cabin. He stood watching in the drive, turned, and went back to the store.

After dinner she went out to the barn and stood for a long time talking to and patting the three horses there. There was a white cat, too, that came and sat in her lap as she sat on the end of an overturned watering trough. It was so quiet and peaceful.

"I could love him," she thought, "could love him."

"In spite of all my books, my music, my schooling, I could love this man, who knows of any of these. And I could give them all up for this. Well, give them up partly. Because I could love a man like that; part of me is this kind of life too."

It was growing dark, and the cat purred in her lap. The horses stood quietly looking at her from the corral.

The last of the sunset light faded from the sky and the stars began to pierce the gray blueness. She lifted the cat down slowly and stroked again the soft white fur. The horses nickered softly as she patted their velvet muzzles. At the highway she met her father and they walked together through the night, back to the little cabin.

After the freshly-caught fish were cleaned and the dishes washed, her mother went to bed and her father went into the bathroom to fix fishing equipment. She stood at the door of the dark cabin, looking out into the night, at the hills in the starlight and the stream of blue smoke curling from the chimney of the ranch house. She could hear the wind in the aspen trees by the porch and the far off whiny of a horse. She saw the lights of the store go out and heard the crunch of boots going across the drive, up the stone steps. Then, the quiet of the outdoor sounds.

Her bed was warm and snug; soon she slipped into a dreamless sleep.

With morning came the routine packing and loading. As usual the hat box caused all sorts of confusion and bother. After she and her father finished the car, she sat on the porch scratching the collie's ears. The man came out of the house and the dog turned from her, running to his master. He spoke good morning and disappeared in the direction of the barn.

"Come, Lib, we'd better get on the road. It'll be hard to get a cabin in the park after noon."

She rose slowly. Slowly she looked at everything around her, photographing the scene, the steps, the houses, the hills, the far off river. She would remember. They checked the cabin for forgotten belongings, then closed the door. Her eyes looked backward as they drove, into another day, down the highway.

"I shall remember; all my life. I will remember. I could have loved him."

And in the shadows of the barn, a tall, lithe man stood watching a dusty black car disappear down the road. Near him stood a white and golden collie, its shining hair blowing in the morning sunlight.





## Homeland

*A place to go away from?  
Do angels leave God?  
This spot is my home,  
My heaven this sod.  
How strange it is,  
This land of my birth,  
But my life reaches deep in this dark earth.*

*Leave my land and travel  
To Paris and fine London town?  
No, for the trees whisper "Stay",  
How grand it is,  
This land of my birth.  
And my life reaches deep in this dark earth.*

*The world has no wonders  
Which are greater than these,  
An icy rain, a grey mist,  
And great guardian trees.  
How forlorn it is,  
This land of my birth,  
But my life reaches deep in this dark earth.*

*How would I live?  
Can a fern grow in sand?  
As surely would I die*

*If I forsook this land.  
How fierce it is,  
This land of my birth,  
But my life reaches deep in this dark earth.*

*Walk with me now  
Along the way.  
The stream and the turf  
Are murmuring--"Stay".  
How possessive it is,  
This land of my birth,  
But my life reaches deep in this dark earth.*

*The misty morning  
And the Whispering night  
Are my life, my portion,  
My priceless birthright.  
How sweet it is,  
This land of my birth,  
And I'll always be bound to the depths of this earth.*

*Emilie Smith*

## *Cycle of Love*

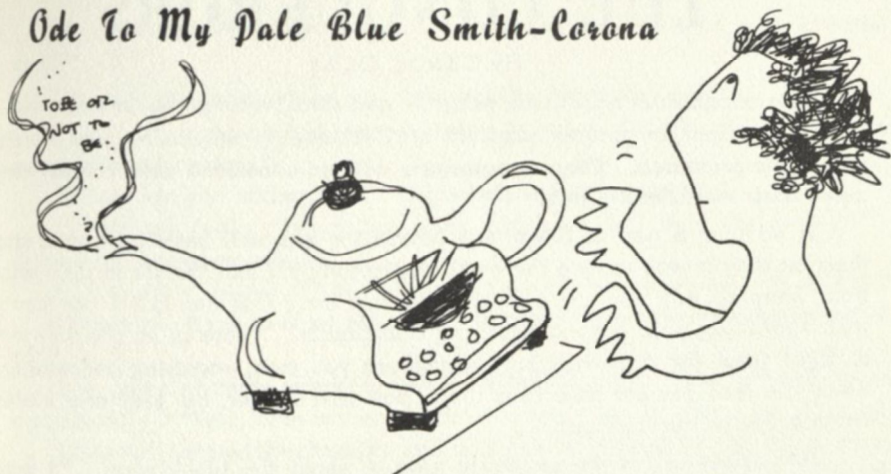
*A last there never was nor is  
But always another  
To smooth first scars and withered love  
Into fabric ready  
To be scorched and torn again.*

*The last, always hoped to be true,  
But never learning right  
From false, indifferent action --  
Same, eternal, changeless,  
Ever masked in lies so pleasing.*

*R. Wilcox*



## Ode To My Pale Blue Smith-Corona



*I type upon you  
Day by day,  
In hopes that  
You will -in some way-*

*Transform the words  
I click on you  
Into a message,  
Wise and true.*

*Oh, that you could  
Hear this plea,  
And make a writer  
Out of me.*

Sheila Leto

## The Soul

*The womb of God creates the soul of man  
And places it in a clay vessel.  
Then God, thrusting his sky-bird into the heavens,  
Watches him flounder betwixt the clouds and the soil.*

*The womb of God yearns for the soul of man  
As the sky-bird soars into the crystal blue  
And, plummeting back to earth, grasps for a tree-hold  
with open talons,  
But missing, careens into the beckoning reeds.*

Beth Mason

# THE CONQUERORS

By CAROL CLAY

The conquerors will come silently and dwell among you, arriving slowly at first then in greater numbers until thoroughly saturating your society with their presence. Their appearance will go unnoticed until the day they make their merciless march.

It will be a day of terror and horror for you will have no way to stop them as they march across the earth destroying all that stands in their path. What weapons can you use against this vast army that can kill a man slowly with agonizing pain beyond anything imaginable? There is no possible way to fight them for they will be everywhere you turn, watching and waiting. When you feel you are safe from them, one will appear, his grey coat almost iridescent in the sunlight.

Ben Blaiswell woke suddenly gazing about the black room. "I must get hold of myself," he thought. "The Russians are clever at this psychological torture. I must force myself to stay awake and think clearly or I will lose my sanity."

For forty-one days Blaiswell had been isolated in a cell of ten cubic feet since his capture behind the Iron Curtain. The ten foot cubical had no windows and light came, only during the daylight hours, from a tiny slit in the door. Suddenly Ben reached for his shoe-laces. He had tied them together trying to make a new knot every third meal for he thought in this way he could keep track of the passing days. He slipped his hand along the string, fifteen knots.

"When do the conquerors speak to me, while I'm asleep? I don't remember having talked with them, yet I vaguely remember something. . . oh well, I must keep my mind occupied." Ben spoke to himself, "I know, I'll count cigarette brands, that will keep my mind busy. Now, let me see, I ought to sit in a comfortable position. That's it, Ben, lean back and sound off. Winston, Marlboro, Kent. . . the feet marching. . . can't seem to keep my mind on the game, Camels. . . wait, have I mentioned those before? . . . can't think. . . which have I said? . . . the shiney coats. . . I don't know what I said before!" Ben yelled in a hysterical voice, "Take it easy, Ben, relax, you're just under a nervous strain. Lie down, yes that's it, I'll lie down and sleep awhile, then I'll remember. Those cigarettes won't get the best of me. Just you wait, Ben, you will remember."

The clanging shut of a distant door woke Blaiswell from his slumber. He saw a stream of light from the door slit, then suddenly the room was flooded with brilliance. Blaiswell's eyes ached from the brightness and he could not see. A Voice spoke his name, "Mr. Blaiswell, good to see you looking so well. How are you feeling?"

Blaiswell did not recognize the voice but answered, "As well as could be expected under the circumstances, I guess."



The voice seemed surprised, "Ah, then you are aware of your environment?"

"Well, if that's what you call this four by four hole, yes."

"You have made marked improvement. It is now time for a move. Come guard, bring him along."

"Where are you taking me?" Blaiswell asked casually.

"Don't ask foolish questions when you know full well the answer!" shouted the impatient officer.

"Come off it, buddy, I have no idea where you're taking me. Should I?"

"Silence! Have you no respect? Perhaps you haven't progressed at all."

The party of three stopped before a bolted door. The officer spoke sarcastically, "Well, here we are back at home. Get in there and shut up.

Blaiswell entered the chamber and was nearly choked by the damp musty odor. As he glanced about the empty room he felt he had seen the place before, but could not be certain. It was a long cold room, the moist walls were covered with fungus, and the light from a tiny window near the ceiling gave outlines to objects in the room.

The atmosphere was misty and a haze hung in the air. Ben walked to the center of the room, his heels ringing and echoing off the cold stone floor. With a sweeping bow he announced to himself, "Well King Ben, welcome to the wondrous castle." Assuming the character of the king he replied, "Thank you, peasants. I didn't realize how long I'd been away. . . .I can't keep this up. Is my mind really affected? Ben Blaiswell, you are Napoleon." Picturing himself the great general he laughed, until the laughter bounced off the cold walls at him. "No, that's what crazy people think and I'm not crazy, am I? . . .If I were crazy I would definitely say I'm not crazy, but if I say I am crazy then I'm not. . . .That's right isn't it? Somebody? Won't someone please help me. . . ." The sentence faded into a soft crying.

Suddenly he heard the feet marching. Slowly one appeared at the end of the chamber followed by another. The conquerors did not hurry to annoy him and he rose up to watch them.

"Oh, you're back. I was wondering when you'd come again. Won't you gentlemen come in and talk to me? I haven't talked with anyone other than my guard for so long. . . .they must have taken my shoe-strings. . . .but gentlemen, here, sit by me. No? Oh well, I didn't want to talk anyway. . . .more feet, can't see 'em. . . ."

The leader moved boldly forward and those with him encircled Blaiswell. The man stood and thrashed the air wildly, "Get out, leave me alone. I don't want to look at your hungry eyes." The grey coats didn't budge. "Why can't I remember, my thoughts are so foggy. Wait, they didn't bother me before. WHY? Oh how I wish I knew why. Oh God, help me remember why. Was it because I charged at them and drove them back?" Blaiswell was screaming out the question which was actually his answer, but it was too late. The big grey rats were no longer afraid of this whimpering creature. The screams subsided as the conquerors began their merciless march.



## Wishes

Oh I wish on each falling, fallen red autumn leaf,  
And each whispered, dreamt-of love is a golden penny;  
Each small cloud puff makes a hope  
For a running, leaping, ecstacizing heart.

Behind, above, around, below,  
Far away from fear  
Lie my hopes of melting snow -  
Never real, always near.

Oh I wish on every naked winter limb;  
Each frozen seed and brown dead branch  
Brings untold beauty, lovely grimm;  
A laughed at, useless, only world to have.

Secret, calm, my unheard song -  
A bow that never played  
So meaningless becomes a wrong,  
Impossible to say: "I strayed."

R. Wilcox





## *chronos changing*

*(chronos changing, living, breathing, turning, twisting,  
growing,  
twisting, turning, breathing, living, changing chronos)*

*down in the changing earth, hidden in secret pockets, safe and still  
and silent, silent, the warm strange seeds lie waiting, waiting.*

*deep in the changing sea, glowing with monochromatic hue, one color  
changing, reflecting, containing, the warm strange seeds float waiting.*

*high in the temptuous changing movement, the restless roaming air  
blown and battered, bright and breathing, the warm strange seeds still  
drift*

*(chronos changing, living, breathing, turning, twisting,  
growing,  
twisting, turning, breathing, living, changing chronos)*

*then, with the scarlet of hearts, torn from the breasts of believers,  
then, with the crimson of fall leaves, dying and staining the earth,*

*then, with the sound of the white bones, crushed under hard black boot-heels,*

*then, with the noise of laughter, bedlamic curses, daemonic cries,*

*then, with the tears of The Wise Man, invincible, arrogant Wise Man,  
then comes the fated fire judge, then comes the growth from the seeds.*

*(chronos changing, living, breathing, turning, twisting,  
growing,*

*twisting, turning, breathing, living, changing chronos)*

Polly Rodieck

## Remember

*Remember that morn when we stepped from one life  
into another?*

*We bid adieu to the ether and taking soul in hand  
Beckoned to the rising sun to come.*

*All was prepared for the journey.*

*Remember those first days of glorious youth?*

*With carefree thoughts and heart, we strolled  
toward the divided roads.*

*Not knowing then, as we know now, that all must  
end.*

*Then with pen in hand, we explored the depths  
of knowledge to learn from others as we had  
learned together.*

*Remember?*

*Time then forced us into the reality of burdens,  
and bearing our sufferings,*

*We forced ourselves to gather courage and continue  
our walk down the affixed road.*

*With proud heads, we walked; and with humble hearts,  
we reached our destiny.*

*Remember?*

*Now as I lay my body aside and take your hand,  
I watch the sun in its moment of stillness.*

*And as the sun seeks a place to rest,  
I seek a remembrance.*

Diane Davis





## *Irritation of Skulls*

*Skulls of faceless dead  
with eyes of nothing  
mock  
with silent crying laughter.  
Fleshless now the grinning faces  
curse with mute and yawning breath  
reeds of grass  
Sprouting through their emptiness.*

LLL

## Freida

*I love her still,  
Though they say, "She is gone,"  
"She is not near."  
Yet I love the thought of her—  
It is still here.*

*Love of her was stronger than my love for self  
When, as children, We dreamed our dreams  
Together.  
Tragically, throughout those days  
Plans failed,  
Until,  
    Finally,  
The greater plan of  
Life  
Failed.*

*And with her death a part of me  
Escaped the realm of earth.  
A part of me is with her now,  
It must be!  
For when she left,  
I lost a part of me.  
And yet,  
I shed no tears,  
I mourn not for my loss,  
Because I love her still  
Though death took her away from me,  
For death made up this loss  
By creating  
  
Her Memory.*

Sheila Leto



## Tea Straws and Cold Winter

Tea straws and mint  
 Sunned lazy fingers  
 Able fish antics  
 Bronze sand, verdant mountains  
                                 six months . . . and  
 cold  
 coOl  
 BaLmY  
 SUNNY SUMMER!

but

Books and tweed jackets  
 Hot chocolate, orange fire  
 Leaf paved walks  
 Blank nights and white ground  
                                 six months . . . and  
 SUNNY  
 BaLmY  
 CoOl  
 cold winter ..!

Andrea Morris  
 Writing Lab

